

GREEN PASTURES AND DEEP WATERS

SUMMER is passing. The harvest is ended. The third year of the war is over and gone.

It is to part with our best friend to say Goodbye to summer. It gives us our happiest memories. It fits us for the winter coming on. It clothes our land with glory and stirs up within us the elements that make us what we are. We are made up of summers and winters, but if winter puts a tingle in the blood it is summer that touches our lives with enchantment and saves us from despair.

Every child knows that it is so. Life leaps on through our glorious Hundred Days, when the roses are blowing, the larkspurs are glowing, and the hollyhocks bow down as we pass. For all of us, young and old, the Twenty-Third Psalm comes true. He maketh us to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth us beside the still waters.

Nature's Own Island

It is summer that has made our land renowned for its great beauty. There is nothing to equal it under the sun. Not Egypt with its pyramids, Venice with its palaces, Switzerland with its snow-capped heights, New York with its soaring towers, Colorado with its canyons, India with its temples, can compare with this small Island on a summer's day. It was not an Englishman or a Scotsman, but an American who said that Nature made it as her own land.

We may long to see the world again when it is blacked-out no more, but if we go ten thousand miles there is nothing more fair to see than our English fields as we look out on them from some hilltop, or from some old tower that has been standing for a thousand years. There are ten thousand villages for us to choose from, half a hundred medieval towns, and cities with the dust of Caesar, the haunts of poets, and the graves of kings. Live a hundred years and the Island will not tire you if you have learned her secret places and her quiet ways.

WE may stand where Saxon England ended and Norman England began. We may walk across Naseby Field where Cromwell won our freedom for all time and Charles went riding to his doom. We may sit by the Avon where Shakespeare sat. We may walk where Alfred hid in his dark hour. We may stroll in the meadow where Magna Carta was born. We may sit in the shade of the tree under which Elizabeth heard that she was Queen of England. We may visit Milton's cottage or walk about Wordsworth's garden. All this we can do within the white walls of Kent, the granite walls of Cornwall, and the lochs and bens of majestic Scotland.

A Field of Buttercups

He who knows the loveliness of our Island on a summer's day understands the feeling of the Chinese traveller who went round the world and said, on reaching home again, that the thing he remembered most was a field of English buttercups. He can understand the sensitiveness of Wordsworth who, as he stood amid the enchanting beauty of some English scene, felt at times that he must grip a gate-post or something hard to see if everything was real. It is a living spirit that haunts our countryside and speaks to those who understand. It is not

in the wind, or the fire, or the earthquake, but it is in the quiet scene that rolls away with green meadows and rippling streams and little wooded hills. Nowhere else is anything quite like our country lanes, with the living walls that build themselves to keep in their tranquillity.

It is Wordsworth, of course, who has put into imperishable words this feeling that haunts all who have trod in childhood this green and pleasant land:

*There was a time when meadow, grove,
and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.*

When Peace Comes Back

It is this that summer brings; it is this that winter cannot take away. Three times has summer come and gone since the great shadow moved across the earth, and three times it has lifted us up with its glory. Three times, we may say, it has brought to us a poignant sense of grief that our peace-loving people should be almost as strangers in their own land. It is too long since we revelled in the meadows, too long since we sauntered down the lanes or picnicked in a shady nook. Far too long it is since we heard the organ pealing majestically in the great Norman nave, or stood spellbound by the solemn beauty of a medieval tomb, or listened to the lark singing over Tintern Abbey. There will be no reward more welcome when it comes, than a day's run through our villages. It is a tonic waiting for us all, the passport to our seventh heaven.

EVEN the thought that it will come again is something. Summer is gone with the joy of its green pastures, but it is our everlasting heritage and will return. In the meantime we move towards winter and deep waters. Deep indeed—how deep no man knows. The sorrow of the world is immeasurable. The anguish that evil has brought in its train is beyond imagining. The depths to which a great nation has fallen in its attempt to crush the freedom of the human race are probably beyond the belief of history.

The Grim Spectre on the Horizon

It is true that the freedom of our own land is in direst peril. Half our people are only half awake to the danger in which they live. Nothing but our own exertions can save the people of Kent and Sussex and Lancashire, the peaceful folk of the Derbyshire hills and the Yorkshire wolds, the old folk of our little almshouses and the children of our schools, from the horrors of Poland. They are the grim spectre on the horizon which will draw near unless by our own efforts we keep it back.

WEEK after week, as these words are written on a quiet hilltop, the war front is an hour away, and only the power of millions of people like you and me can prevent it overwhelming our own homes. If it should come, if the mechanised powers of darkness should break through to our Island, the unthinkable atrocities in Russia, in Prague, in Warsaw, will pale before the crimes that will turn our green fields scarlet,

CHILDREN'S
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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

What Should Mr Chifley Do Now?

AUSTRALIA, with seven million people in its six States, has 1,600,000 between 18 and 45 in its war services. Over 800,000 people have been withdrawn from its industries for war-work and the number of civilian workers in factories has been reduced from 540,000 to 200,000.

The Commonwealth Government is doing its utmost to stop luxuries and to simplify life in every way possible, and the Commonwealth Treasurer, Mr

Chifley, a simple-life man at the best of times, has been describing his way of living now. He says:

I don't drink; I haven't been to a race meeting since the war started; my last visit to the movies was seven years ago; I've been to the theatre twice since, to a football match once, and apart from official dinners I've dined out once. I smoke, but I'm cutting that down and putting every penny I can save into war loans. What ought I to do next?

Our Noble Ally—The Horse



Overheard on a farm, from a ploughman leading a fine horse at the plough: "It's a shame to work them so hard on the poor food we can give them now."

Continued from the previous column

for we are Enemy Number One to the maniacal furies of Berlin.

It is this anxious deep through which we have to pass unless we avert it by our own sacrifice and toil. The miner who slacks at the pit, the worker who shirks his duty anywhere, is not more guilty in these dark hours than those of us who leave undone what we should do, or do what we should leave undone. True in every sense it is that the happiness of the Island, in another summer depends upon our winter's zeal. If we have little coal, we can at least keep warm by work. If we have few things to spend our money on, we can save it. If we have things to grumble about, we can put up with them. If we have still the chance of little luxuries, we can let them go. If we have an

opportunity to fill a gap somewhere, we can fill it. If we are miserable pessimists, we can keep our misery to ourselves.

WE have been through deep waters before; for three years we have been through little else. But well we know our way through them. We have seen many winters and survived their tempests. We have seen our great oaks bend and sometimes break. But never have we seen the spirit of our people broken. Never have we seen the cause of freedom vanquished in this Island Home. If Winter comes, Spring is not far behind, and never yet had any people a reward so dazzling as that which now awaits the nation which for another thousand years will brave the battle and the breeze.

Arthur Mee

On the Road to Tananarive

As we go to press the French Governor of Madagascar has fled from the capital as the British troops approached Tananarive, moving up the handsome modern road to the capital of Madagascar. That road was built by Malagasy men and boys working for ten days each without pay, a part of their yearly service given to the State.

The French have designed new roads everywhere round the capital city of the island, so that Tananarive has become the centre of the island's life.

Perched on four great hills, the old part of the city looks out over the picturesque roof-tops which descend in ranks to the plain and rice-fields.

The nearest point to the coast is 200 miles away at Tamatave, where the railway begins its long winding journey to the capital. A hundred odd years ago, when the young Welshman David Jones began his trek to the capital for the London Missionary Society there was nothing but deep winding forest tracks and steep mountain paths. Occasionally he got a lift in a Malagasy carrying-chair, the *sianjana*, but his journey was mainly a rough scramble.

Once he got to Tananarive, however, King Radama welcomed him with open arms. He was invited into the palace which still dominates the city, and there he began the first school.

Tananarive today is a gay place with fine shops, taxis, electric light, handsome buildings, and big churches. Each of the four main hills of the city is crowned by a dignified granite church to commemorate the martyrs who fell in the persecution of Christians in the forties of last century. All Malagasy Christians revere that great story.

Tananarive has a great marketplace to which the people of the countryside flock. Rice, pineapples, melons, straw hats, and vegetables are all piled in huge

heaps on the ground. Most of the Malagasy in the capital belong to the Hova folk, olive-skinned people with wavy jet black hair. They are the aristocrats of Madagascar, used by the French as officials and civil servants.

The Malagasy love meetings. One Britisher who was in the island not long ago says: "What surprised me was the way the Malagasy sat perfectly still through a long meeting of three hours, even little children. I have seen forty or fifty children sitting together without any adult, right in the front, through a long meeting of many speeches that could not possibly interest them, and they were as still as mice. I can only suggest that they are docile in spirit and slightly lacking in vitality; probably also their minds are not as awake as their bright eyes would give one to suppose."

"The grown-ups themselves are abnormally still and quiet in church or meeting, but the children are positively immobile. With their eager faces, shining hair, and bright eyes one would expect them to be restless and troublesome. It is all of a piece with the fact that the Malagasy have no games. The man who will teach them to love games will do them a great service. Give a dozen Malagasy boys half a chance and you will find them all sitting down talking, instead of kicking a football about. The head of a boarding-school said that he often found the boys on Saturday afternoons going to lie down on their beds—until he locked the dormitories!"

TWO FRIENDS IN PERSIA

In the beautiful country outside Bath is a wonderful valley, at the head of which stands Monkton Combe School, from where in 1926 Skipworth Harris went out to be the missionary headmaster of the CMS Memorial College at Isfahan in Persia.

There he met a young namesake who was a master in the school, Clifford Harris, and they became great friends, exploring together and climbing the highest peaks in Persia. They were famous among the tribesmen and the village folk, who loved them both.

Alas, their friendship was broken by the death of Clifford Harris in a few short years, but Skipworth carried on, running

his school on the finest possible lines for another year or two, when he came to Oxford for a degree and took a post in the Malaya Civil Service. But Persia was always in the warmest corner of his heart, and last autumn he went back to do a difficult piece of work there. Writing home that he was overjoyed at getting back, he got on with his work with the courage and sympathy that was characteristic of him.

Now sad news has come from Persia, a brief statement that "R. C. Skipworth Harris, H.B.M. Vice-Consul at Isfahan, has been murdered by bandits." Little they know the cruel blow they have struck at their own country.

Picture Surprises in the Sale Room

THERE have been some remarkable surprises in the sale-rooms, where pictures of Victorian artists have just been sold.

It may be that these pictures are too big for such houses as people will be living in in the future, or it may be that the taste in pictures has changed. Whatever it is, the prices for which some famous pictures have been sold are truly astonishing.

In 1898 the Duchess of Sutherland gave £5775 for Burne-Jones's "Love and the Pilgrim"; in 1933 it was sold for £210, and

has now been sold again for £21.

In 1908 Burne-Jones's "Wood Nymph" was sold for £1181, and has now been sold again for £42.

The famous picture of "Hope" by G. E. Watts, known all over the world, with a woman sitting on the globe hoping to get a little music from the last string of her broken lyre, was sold for £1575 in 1913, and has now been sold again for less than £95.

A Landseer which fetched £819 in 1912 was sold for £137, and Alma-Tadema's "Finding of Moses" was sold for £273.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

HONOLULU children have sent £35, in envelopes they have decorated themselves, for relief work among children in Unoccupied France.

It was stated in court that a tonic wine sold at 3s 6d a bottle was 95 per cent water; the prosecution was made by the Bucks County Council.

Thousands of voluntary helpers collected on Princess Elizabeth's Day for London charities, the proceeds going to Barnardo's, the Waifs and Strays, the NSPCC, the National Children's Home, the Crusade of Rescue, and the Council for Child Welfare.

FIGHTER Command stations of the R.A.F. were set a target of three million pounds of salvage for July and actually returned 3,577,723 pounds of materials for use again.

Lineside allotments are being offered to the public by the L.M.S. Ask your stationmaster for particulars.

The dangerous high-heeled shoes are to be abolished for the duration of the war.

A 300-year-old house at Buxton, with its lovely grounds, has been given by Mr. R. Turner to the munition workers of Sheffield as a rest centre.

We have received from a friend in Guildford an envelope which has already made 17 journeys between Guildford and Edinburgh, and which we propose to send out on at least one more.

The income of the Lifeboat Institution for the year has reached the highest figure ever known, £386,000; we may add that its record of bravery has also reached the peak.

We are accustomed nowadays to carry on under difficulties. Full marks have been awarded to a Plymouth Company of the Boys Brigade for giving a display of drill in gas masks.

Salvage hunters on the north-west coast of Britain have saved 13 tons of trawl netting.

Scout News Reel

A HOSPITAL bed has been named after Marylebone Scouts in recognition of their good service during London air raids; a tablet has also been unveiled in their honour.

Patrol Leader Alan McRobert, paddling in a home-made punt when a plane crashed into the sea, rescued the unconscious pilot and towed him to shore.

At a civic reception the Freedom of Barrie, Ontario, was conferred on Stanley Newton, leader of the party of four King's Scouts who have been touring Canada and America demonstrating Scout War Service.

MORE than 400 Scouts answered a call for help in a transportation survey in Washington.

Shillington Scouts have received a letter of thanks and a cheque from an industrial society in appreciation of the good work of the Scouts when the society's van broke down; the cheque has been sent to the B-P Fund.

THINGS SEEN

A thorn bush growing out of a willow tree by the River Ouse at Oford D'Aréy.

Two tiny harvest mice eating chocolate from a lady's hand in a Derbyshire lane.

Our Watchman in Europe

CONTINENT'S CRY FOR SPEED

Our Watchman in Europe, Sir Samuel Hoare, has been speaking on the war as the stricken continent sees it.

From his observation outpost in Madrid our Ambassador has unique opportunities of discovering the feeling of Europeans, and his opinion is that while the conviction of an Allied Victory is strong the suspicion is that it may come too late, when the continental peoples are exhausted. We take this from a notable speech made by Sir Samuel.

EUROPE will never submit to be the slave of a single tyrant or the tool of a soulless machine. The question is not whether we shall win the war (of course we shall) but when we shall win it. Shall we win it in time? Shall we win it before the framework of civilisation is vitally damaged?

Can we wonder at their burning impatience? I have constantly talked in Madrid with men and women newly arrived from the occupied countries. They have told me terrible stories of Nazi cruelty. They have burnt into my mind the knowledge that every day the war continues these horrors increase. Not a minute must be

lost that can hasten the delivery of these brave and stricken peoples from their physical and moral torments.

We must be a "people in mission," showing all the fervour of crusaders, all the singleness of purpose of pioneers, all the righteous indignation of just avengers, all the speed of men and women who realise how fearful is the tragedy that delay means to the millions of Hitler's victims and to the cracking foundations of European civilisation.

Speed, speed, speed. I repeat the cry of suffering Europe. Concentration, concentration, concentration. I repeat the lessons of history and the precepts of experience of coalitions.

What You Can Do If You Try

THE Editor's hilltop has been feeling rather pleased with itself because Mrs Mee's Red Cross Sale of home-made toys has this year raised £100; but we wave our cap to Foxholes on the Yorkshire Wolds. It is a tiny place and out-of-the-way, but its people have shown all England what they can do if they try. With the help of their tiny neighbour Boythorpe they have had a great Red Cross day and raised £210.

Everybody worked, old and young, all with the consciousness that they were doing something for a noble cause. The pride of the village was in them. The girls made dolls and animals and birds for the toy stall, and the boys made buses, barrows, tractors, mail-vans, threshing-machines, and elevators, gaily painting them all. People gave vegetables and flowers and fancy-work for the stalls, and there was a show of garden produce with bottled fruits and wartime cakes, honey, and jam, all of which was sold by auction. There were sports of all kinds after tea, and never were games enjoyed more at Wembley or the Oval. People were so excited that the winners returned their prize money.

A MISSISSIPPI DAY

In the Upper Mississippi Basin, where 50 million acres of Indian corn grow, the big Cup Tie of the year is now preparing, and will attract as many spectators as a Cup Tie final at Wembley. The contest is not played, however, with a football but with the husks of Indian corn. Each tie lasts an hour and twenty minutes, about the same as a football match, and the huskers have to husk as many corn cobs as they can in the time.

They work in competing rows down the cornfield, detaching the corn cobs as they go, stripping them of their husks and throwing them into the horse wagon which accompanies them.

Fathers and mothers came with their families from the villages round and joined eagerly in the egg-and-spoon races, the three-legged races, and obstacle and skipping races, and musical chairs on bicycles. It seemed a pity that there were no excursion trains from London.

There were side-shows and hidden treasure, flower girls selling real flowers, competitions between the Home Guards of Foxholes and other villages, and, of course, tea. The flower girls made £3 and tea brought in £26. The children wrote out the programmes and tramped and cycled miles to sell them. They called at every house and brought away something. One farmer gave a sheep which was auctioned for £8, and the butcher gave two loads of rough timber which was chopped up for firewood and sold in bundles for £30.

The perfect day ended with a dance in the school; but the schoolroom was packed to the doors so that dancing was not easy. An Alert in the middle of the dancing sent nobody away, for all Foxholes danced till midnight, and then went home, we hope, to a good sound sleep after a busy day well lived and a great work well done.

THIS KIND WORLD

Mr F. Dawe, a Folkestone outfitter, has just passed, on after forty years in business in the town. He was well-known for his kindly ways, the last of which was the placing of a basket of fruit outside his house from which members of the Services were invited to help themselves.

The Refugee's Fear

Nearly 40 refugee children, 17 Spanish, have lately arrived in the United States, where they will be given homes until the end of the war. The atmosphere in which they had lived in Unoccupied France is reflected in the fact that many of them landed with bread in their suitcases, in case America had not sufficient for them.

A BOOK FROM A SINKING SHIP

Scotland is looking for a shy lover of Robert Burns. He belongs to Glasgow, it is thought, and possibly his name is Robert Campbell Downie.

When a tanker was sinking after being torpedoed it was he who kept his head, told the others what to do, saw 14 of them into the lifeboat, took complete charge, and brought them all safely to port. Morning and evening he read the Bible to them, and day and night kept them in good spirits by reading the poems of Burns. So great a lover of Burns is Robert Downie that he went back to the sinking ship in order to rescue his copy, which was given him by his mother.

Now his 14 companions want to thank him for all he did for them, but we hear they cannot find him.

WILD WEALTH

Our Women's Institutes are busily collecting wild herbs from woodland, hedgerow, and meadow, and those who are interested in what is a delightful employment should get in touch with them. This wild wealth is varied and important, ranging from nettles to elder and from foxgloves to rose-hips. Medicinal herbs are many, and rose-hips are a particularly valuable source of vitamins.

TROUBLE IN IRELAND

An Irish correspondent has been telling us of fuel difficulties there.

Ireland gets all her coal from England and Wales for heating, for railways, and for lighting by gas. Short supplies necessitate the rationing of gas—two hours before breakfast, two at midday, and two in the early evening. This restriction drove hosts of people to the use of electric stoves, with the result that electricity for lighting and heating had to be rationed, too.

For the warming of the house last year our friend laid in a great supply of peat, which had to be stacked in the open. Down came the rain and soaked it, and then, just when the cold was extreme and fires most desirable, frost settled on the peat supplies and turned them into a mound of ice.

Fortunately, like the rest of us, the Irish seem to have retained their sense of humour, and they tell of their trials with a laugh. That is much to say of one who, assured that her train was expected every moment and that she must not leave her country station for a moment to buy a bar of chocolate, waited eight hours before the engine got up steam and finally puffed up to the departure platform.

What a Tortoise Knows

TIMOTHY was the 18th-century tortoise of Gilbert White, and lives in fame because his master describes his daily doings, and, particularly how the tortoise "not only gets into the sun under the fruit-wall, but tilts one edge of his shell against the wall so as to incline its back to its rays, by which contrivance he obtains more heat than if he lay in any other position."

Now a new Timothy has mysteriously appeared in a London garden, which has sleeping

quarters for him under a little haystack. The writer went to see this Timothy the other day. The wind had been chilly, but there was Timothy with his shell tilted against the fence, the afternoon sun full on his back, blithe and contented as a tortoise could be. Of him as of his own pet Gilbert White could have written, "And yet this poor reptile has never read that planes inclining to the horizon receive more heat from the sun than from any other elevation."

From the moment the boys and girls of an American farmer start to go to the fields they have one aspiration, and that is to become a member of a 4-H club, an association of young farmers whose members actually add up to a million and a half.

Its name corresponds with the initials of the words Head, Heart, Hands, Health, and each member pledges to put in practice the four principles of Clear Thinking, Loyalty, Service, and Better Living.

As soon as the United States entered the war the chiefs of this club held a council and formulated the question, "How can we help our country?" and the answer was the setting-up of a Programme of Victory for

young farmers. The results have been extraordinary.

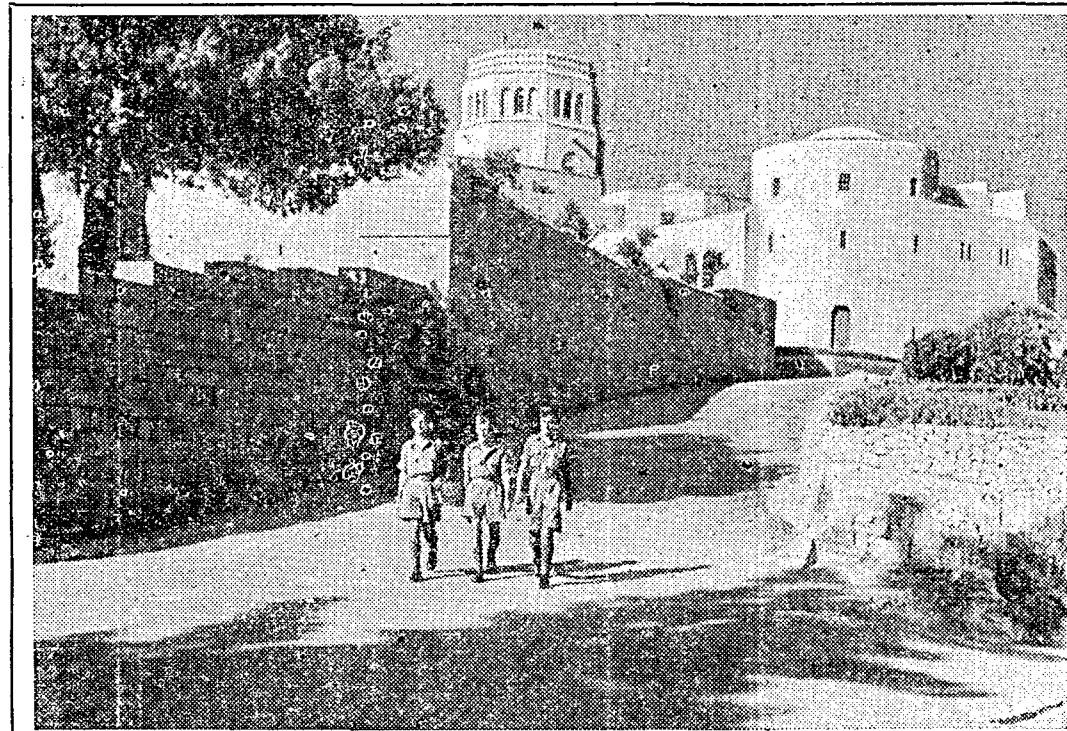
During the past year the 4-H Clubs alone have produced millions of bushels of fruits and vegetables, and have raised five million chickens, 75,000 head of cattle, 260,000 pigs, and 185,000 livestock.

In the spring of 1940 about 20 young members of the club borrowed 3500 dollars from a bank, with which they purchased 20 fine heifers and two bulls, and at the end of two years, while maintaining their original herd, these young people collected 2000 dollars from the sale of their calves.

Last summer two girls, 12 and 14, preserved about 530 pounds of fruit and vegetables which their brothers had cultivated. During

last winter two young girls in one of the Southern States carried out 34 demonstrations on the practical way in which to paint a home; and a Government official estimated that, thanks to this work, all the farms in the district would be repainted with more care.

The contribution of Evelyn Young, whose father died two years ago, is an example for her group. During last winter she saved the salary of a farm-hand by milking the cows, taking care of the cattle, and taking full charge of a poultry-yard containing 425 hens. When the harvesting began she prepared hundreds of meals, made the bread, washed the dishes, helped to bring in the crops, and attended to the general maintenance of the farm.



In the Holy City

Three British soldiers on leave sightseeing in Jerusalem

THE NEW INDUSTRY

The Ministry of Food is rapidly developing food-drying as an industry. For a beginning 15 plants are being set up for drying vegetables, and many more are to be built. The annual capacity of these factories is 7500 tons of mixed dried vegetables, produced from 140,000 tons of fresh vegetables. For the most part, potatoes, carrots, and cabbages will be dried. Drying will be done both for human consumption and, in the case of surplus potatoes, for feeding animals.

HEROES OF THE MERCHANT NAVY

In the First World War as many as 24,000 seamen were lost, doing work not less hazardous than that done by the gallant sailors of the Royal Navy.

The other day Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield pointed out that already in the present war 16,000 British seamen have sacrificed their lives for their country, and he added that "the valiant hearts of our merchant seamen know only one fear, and that is unemployment when the war is over. Their share in peace must be equal to the part they have played in war."

We are glad to know that at last the merchant service is to be recognised as worthy of the highest awards won by the fighting sailor. The Prime Minister has announced that the King has approved the addition of the Distinguished Service Order, the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal, and the Distinguished Service Medal to the list of decorations open for award in the Merchant Navy.

BEESWAX

Beeswax is in the news. In our homes we know it to be useful in keeping a fine surface on linoleum. Cobblers find it necessary for the thread they use.

Now housewives and cobblers may have to do without their wax, because it is wanted for explosives and parachutes.

One Dorset schoolboy laments the scarcity of beeswax which he has been using for waxing the threads of his catapults, but a lady living near by writes, "Perhaps now we shall have fewer broken windows with neat little round holes in them."

A Lost Plant Reappears

FENNEL is a wild plant with valuable properties: it is a good pot herb, it yields medicinal oil, and there are those who think that salmon must have fennel in its sauce.

A botanist we hear of, in love with its graceful feathery plumage, grew it in his garden until it formed a great clump and then grubbed it up, requiring its space for something else. That was thirty years ago.

This year his lawn has been

THE DESERT ISLANDS OF MIDWAY

Midway, where the US Fleet won so notable an engagement with the Japanese forces, is as nearly a desert island as can be imagined. On the two scraps of dry sand which make up what is called Midway Island nothing grows but mint and a nightshade and a few other plants that have drifted to it or have been brought by birds from Laysan Island, a third of the way between it and Hawaii, and as barren as itself.

It is a very young island from a geological point of view, only having emerged from the sea in comparatively recent times. In Laysan Island somebody imported rabbits, which ate up all there was, leaving only two square miles of sand.

LONGER RAILS

Among the great variety of war goods coming to us from America are steel rails, and parts of the LMS line are being relaid with these.

The British standard length for rails is 60 feet, but American rails are only 39 feet long. So, to avoid an excessive number of joints, the LMS is welding two lengths of American rail to form 78-foot rails, and on some main line sections even three lengths have been welded to form a continuous rail of 117 feet, nearly twice the normal length.

ONE MORE GOOD DEED

Lord Nuffield's Trust has done another excellent thing. It has made a gift of £15,000 to Durham University towards the cost of establishing a professorship of Child Health at King's College, Newcastle. The professor is Dr J. C. Spence, who will have a glorious opportunity.

The diseases of children are widespread, and too little is known of them. Professor Spence is to be provided fully with the assistance necessary to create a Teaching and Research Department.

Here is a current item from Salford which bears on this all-important subject. The medical inspector of that place having reported that in some schools the general condition of the children was "really deplorable," school-children are to be given a tablet of Vitamin C with their milk.

THE OLD FOLK YOUNG AGAIN

At 81 years of age Mr J. Smith has returned to the Bury Cotton Mill where he worked for over 60 years.

Miss Leah Burgess, another Bury youngster of 80, has also answered the call for more cotton operatives by returning to the mill where she worked for over 60 years. She is attending to four looms, like any other worker.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

QUEER PEOPLE

THERE have been strange faiths before, but few like that which has been imported to this country and has infected hundreds of curious mentalities.

Two members of it have been before the courts for refusing to serve the country they live in.

One refused to help to produce food for our people. The other refused to protect a cathedral against fire.

Surely the craziest religion that ever entered the mind of man!

Mother Speaking

This is what she said:

WE had our Silver Wedding in 1917, and our friends wanted us to give a party, but I said No. There was to be no party unless Jack could be with us.

Jack could not be with us. He was killed a day or two before the anniversary came round; and later his brother gave his life, too.

Now our Golden Wedding has come along, and here is another war. One of my boys is at sea, and I don't know what part of the world he is in. The other, the baby of the family, is in Egypt. There will be no party till both come home.

A Generation Which Will Not Walk?

HAVE our young people forgotten how to walk? The writer (whose daily walk to school years ago was four miles each way) has observed with astonishment young, healthy, stalwart boys and girls crowding on to a motor-bus for a journey of half a mile.

To walk a mile to school seems utterly beyond them, and they are provided with a season-ticket to take them on a school journey which to any normal youth should be a reasonable walking distance.

It would be well for our rising generation if they could realise how necessary for their health, strength, and general wellbeing is a certain amount of walking each day.

Under the Editor's Table

A MAN says he never listens to rumours. But how does he know they are rumours?

GROCERS complain that they cannot get much sauce. Schoolboys could give them plenty.

HOUSES have personalities. And their own views.

EVERY bit of rubber is needed. To rub out Hitlerism.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



What the Dead Sea died of

WE are advised to use waste water whenever possible. But not to waste any.

WORKERS are brighter in bright surroundings. Shine at their jobs.

A LADY says her husband is an excellent all-round cook. He can cook a square meal.

MANY Londoners work at night. Always having a day off.

London's Helps

By Our London Lad

ONE day last week a tram along the Embankment stopped on its way to Blackfriars to pick up a friendly crowd of middle-aged women, on such cheery terms with one another (and with the conductor) that they might have been all of one family.

The rusty black bonnets worn by some of them contributed to the idea, and so did the rather crumpled skirts which, like themselves, showed that they knew what hard work meant and thought nothing of it. Who were they? I asked the conductor, and he replied, "Widows and cleaners." It then dawned on me. These were the widow women who did the charring at the big blocks of offices, and they were hurrying south to find another job at home. They were an infantry section of the great army of London Helps.

Helpers is a better name. They come to servantless houses, if and when the houses can get them, to lend a hand in washing up, or setting the house to rights, or on blessed occasions to do a bit of cooking. Their stock has gone up in these austere days. They are welcomed like angels in the house,

and some of them are. They are the London Home Guard.

They are of different rankings. There are the Helps who come in to do a bit of everything and will try anything from the doorstep upwards. They bring something else into the house. They bring into it their cheery good spirits, their Cockney pluck and humour, which is what you might call London Pride. There is our Mrs Wisdom, for example. When the house a few doors away from hers was bombed, and the blast blew all their windows in, all she had to say was, "That blast that came in was so strong it blew us all over one another. We did laugh."

Or there is competent Mrs Holliday, who just comes in as a friend (as she says), and will do so whenever we want her. Any illness in the house she looks on as a heaven-sent opportunity. The other day we asked her what they did when the Old Church near by was bombed; wasn't it a fearful crash? "It was," agreed Mrs Holliday; "the house was filled top to bottom with soot, and we were all like sweeps. We put the baby in the pram, under the table, so that she shouldn't get any blacker." That was all.

RICHES

By the Man Who Has Them

I AM a wealthy man. In my treasury are the finest of silks and jewels uncountable, which no thief can take from me.

All through the night numerous busy workers are spinning their silken threads, and when dawn comes and the sun peeps over the horizon each strand is adorned with ten thousand shimmering jewels. Long ropes of diamonds stretch from rustic arch to rose bush; other gay strings unite every tree, bush, and plant; while the garden path is thickly clustered with scintillating silken barriers.

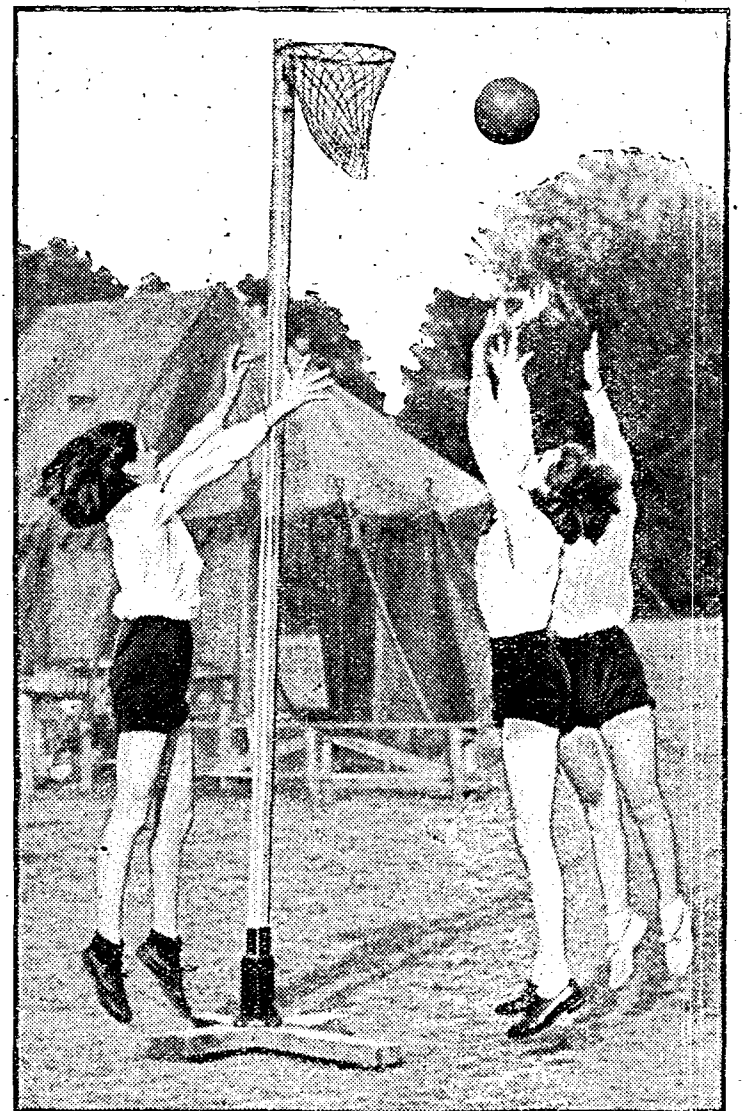
This garden is my treasury, the spiders my silk-spinners, the dewdrops my jewels, and no common thief can rob me of them.

But the sun, climbing higher in the vault of heaven, filches the jewels from their strings, and the urgent comings and goings of little people break down the silken barriers. The rays of the sun shed their benevolent warmth on the ripening fruit and display to the full the varied hues of autumn's flowers; the air is thick with the hum of bees, busier than ever now that the days are shortening; and above all is the benison of the feathered choir.

All this in my little garden. Yes, I am a wealthy man.

JUST AN IDEA

Three things you should know, said Ruskin: where you are, where you are going, what you had better do in the circumstances.



A netball match for GTC girls at a camp in Essex

Our First Traveller From the Sky

THE 15th of September is accepted as the climax of our Air Trafalgar, and a correspondent of The Times has called attention to the fact that it was on this day the first aerial traveller in England rose into the sky.

It is surely a remarkable coincidence that this "birthday of Flying" in England should have become the decisive day in the Air Battle of Britain. This flying man of September 15, 1784, came down in Hertfordshire, and this is the story of that great event as told in the King's England volume for Hertfordshire, published by Hodder and Stoughton.

EVERY day the flying man flies over Standon, but never again will its people look at him with such amaze as came to them one autumn day in 1784, when there arrived at Standon the first human traveller from the English skies. A stone has been set up at Standon Green End, and on it we read of an event recorded as a "wondrous enterprise successfully achieved by the powers of chemistry and the fortitude of man."

It must have seemed a fearful thing to those villagers who were looking up on that September afternoon at a great spherical object floating through the sky, slowly descending until it touched the ground in a field near by, and a voice cried out calling on the people to secure the monster. Out of it, from the

car suspended beneath the silk ball, stepped a man and a dog.

The man was Vincenzo Lunardi, a young Italian who had made a balloon fitted with racket-shaped wings and oars which he declared would help to control it. He had started at Moorfields, 30 miles away, on the grounds of the Honourable Artillery Company, and had been just over two hours in the air. Three living creatures had entered the car at Moorfields, Lunardi, his dog, and a cat, but, falling very low as he came to North Mimms, Lunardi had astonished a country woman walking there, and had handed her his cat for safe keeping before he rose again and came on to Standon, so completing the first successful balloon flight ever known.

Down to the Bone

At the Welsh National Museum an exhibit has been arranged to show what can be done with old bones. First there is bone glue; then there is grease which can be made into soap and glycerine, indispensable to the war effort. Added to paint for ships, and planes, glue takes many forms, and grease still more; and when all has been extracted the bones can be ground up for fertilisers and into bone flour to mix with cattle food. One ton of bones will furnish two hundredweight of grease, three of glue, and nine of fertiliser, together with bone flour equal to 4500 loaves.

OUR 20 CENTURIES—THE SEVENTEENTH

The People Put the Kings in Their Place

We have seen that at one period in history the strengthening of the authority of the Crown was a benefit. The seventeenth century taught our ancestors that kings must be kept in check and not allowed to think that they had any authority except that which peoples gave them to use for the general good.

A claim to rule by divine right had been set up by James the First. This ridiculous king maintained that he and all sovereigns were appointed from on high, and were responsible, not to their peoples, but only to God. His son, Charles Stuart, acted on his father's theory.

He deceived the people again and again. He attempted to make them pay taxes which had not been approved by Parliament. His slippery and fraudulent practices caused civil war. Those who were on the king's side were called Cavaliers; the defenders of the people's right, established even since Magna Carta, were nicknamed Roundheads. The

most resolute and indignant of them were the Puritans, and from among the Puritans came Oliver Cromwell, who created an unconquerable army and beat the king's forces. Then the king was tried for his offences, condemned to death, and beheaded. But after Cromwell's death the people, who never quite liked the Puritans, called back Charles Stuart's son to be king. He was not inclined to go against the people's wishes, but when his brother, James the Second, succeeded him there were again attempts to hoodwink and outwit the people.

Then the people decided to have done with this fiction of divine right. They drove out James the Second, and invited the husband of his daughter Mary to be king. So Dutch William sat on the throne, and could not pretend that he sat there by any right save that of invitation by the people. Nor has any king or queen in England put forward since then the silly claim invented by the Stuarts.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

The Consciousness of Freedom Grows Wider Yet

ONE of the famous philosophers of the world, Hegel, said that the history of mankind was summed up in "the progress of the consciousness of freedom." He meant that man has been struggling through all the ages for liberty (sometimes liberty from harsh rulers, sometimes liberty from religious tyranny, sometimes liberty from his own evil habits) and that this struggle in its many different shapes is the key to history, which would otherwise seem to have no pattern, running steadily through it, no meaning at all.

In the eighteenth century the consciousness of freedom was vastly enlarged. By the writings of a number of philosophers, mostly French, there was spread the conviction that there was a "divine right" of peoples, and that no nation ought to endure the oppression of a despotic sovereign or an idle governing class. England, as we have seen, had acted upon this principle without talking or writing a great deal about it: that was the English way. The French wrote and talked about it a great deal

before they took action, and the discussion of the Rights of Man culminated in the books of Rousseau, who went so far as to plead for a return to the simplicities of Nature, and urged that Nature created all men equal.

Thus the way was prepared for the French Revolution, which, for all its detestable and cruel deeds, gave men a deeper sense of freedom, and founded a republic which declared its principles to be Liberty, Equality, and Brotherhood—though it has not always lived quite up to them.

Unfortunately, what the eighteenth century gave with one hand it took away to a large extent with the other. The industrial revolution, which substituted machines and big factories for work in the small workshops and in homes, prevented the political change in the direction of people's rule from having all the good effects expected of it. But, all the same, the recognition of the rights of all could not be effaced, and that was a big gain; it has borne fruit valuably ever since.

IN JOHN WESLEY'S TRACK

JOHN WESLEY rode through England on horseback, and one of his disciples has been riding in his track through Yorkshire.

He is the Revd Leslie Newman of Scarborough, who jumped on a horse named Dick Turpin and rode off as John Wesley had done. He began his 11-day journey at Burniston. He went on from village to village in Yorkshire, the people gathering to hear him preach. He preached on village greens, in chapels and churches, and had many interesting adventures. Though he took ten pounds with him he returned with ten pounds, for no one would charge him anything, and

he received great hospitality. All the time he rode along the roads and lanes John Wesley knew, and proclaimed the Gospel where Wesley proclaimed it. In one village, news of his coming having gone before him, he found the people waiting for him on the green, so galloped up to them, saw his horse led off to a stable, and began preaching without loss of time. In another village he gave an address to a crowd of children who had gathered to admire his horse; and in yet another he held a service at five in the morning, remembering that John Wesley loved that early morning hour.

CARRY ON

THE NOBLE FAITH

ANY religion that fails to admit toleration as a fundamental principle is insufficient as a moral guide. It matters not that the creed is hoary, credited by millions, embellished with ceremonial, incorporated with secular authority, and practised by many virtue-loving people.

Any creed that incites men to persecute one another is anti-moral, and injurious to those who profess it. A noble faith has no need to use violence and to proselytise with the sword and the rack. Walter M. Gallichan

Call to Heroes

AWAKE on your hills—on your islands, awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the firth, and the lake,
Tis the bugle, but not for the chase is the call;
Tis the pibroch's shrill summons, but not to the hall.

Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain or heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more. Sir Walter Scott

To Travel Hopefully

TOILING hands of mortals!
O unwearied feet; travelling ye know not whither. Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way farther, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do you know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour. Robert Louis Stevenson

HOPE

ONE star, one string, and all the rest
Darkness and everlasting space,
Save that she shelters in her breast
The travail of the race.

Borne through the cold and soundless deep,
With rum riding down the air,
She bows, too heavenly to weep,
Too human to despair.

And ever on her lonely string,
Expects the music from above
Some faint confirming whispering
Of fatherhood and love.

One star, one string, and through the drift
Of cons sad with human cries
She waits the hand of God to lift
The bandage from her eyes.

Harold Begbie on the famous picture of Hope by G. F. Watts, which has just been sold for £95

LAUS DEO

It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down,
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake He has spoken;
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?

THE GOOD MAN

WHENEVER I get up I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wring, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven! But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee, for you war a good man, and did good things!"

A farewell at a grave-side in Thomas Hardy

The Poet Sends Out His Songs

GO, songs, and come not back from your far away;
And if men ask you why you smile and sorrow,
Tell them ye grieve, for your hearts know today,
Tell them ye smile, for your eyes know tomorrow

Francis Thompson

When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing

Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is God and Lord!

Praise the Lord, by
John Greenleaf Whittier

It Will Pierce the Gloom

If I stoop
Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendour, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day.

Robert Browning

MARCHING ON

The world of 1940 has already become antiquated. The inconceivables of only two years ago are today realities.

The war has compressed into a space of months developments which might have taken half-a-century to realise if necessity had not forced the pace.

When the war is won, we shall have at our command ten to a hundred times what we had before in new materials.

Dr Charles Stine



THIS ENGLAND On the summit of the Pike of Blisco, 2300 feet high, in Westmorland

A COCKNEY TALKS

WHEN I was a lad, said the Middle-aged Londoner, we Cockneys knew where to get our milk straight from the cow.

I don't say there was a cow-shed in every street. But you'd be surprised to hear how many were to be found in the most unlikely places. Just behind Tottenham Court Road, for example, and in Bolsover Street, beside Great Portland Street.

There were, of course, many cow-sheds in the streets of what we then called the suburbs, such as Islington and Canonbury, Clapham and Streatham. As for parts like Hendon and Edgware, and the slopes of Harrow Hill, Kenton and Wembley and Neasden, now covered with a forest of red brick, they were complete pasture land, green and open and delightful, none too easy to reach by the horse-drawn buses and trams of those days.

For that matter, interposed the young soldier, there was a real country farm in the heart of South London just before the war, at Belair, Sir Evan Spicer's home in Dulwich Village. It is still there, too, though the 25 cows he used to keep are gone. I went down there myself in the summer of 1940, just before the blitz, when they were getting ready to cut the hay. The house was empty, but the farm manager still lives in his cottage.

You will still find a cow-shed in the heart of London, said the Middle-aged Man, a very fine one, large and spotlessly clean and equipped in the most up-to-date manner, hardly a stone's-throw from Whitechapel Road, where the hay-wains used to assemble and hold up the traffic in the "Narrows" of Aldgate.

I'm afraid the cow-sheds of London in my youth were not kept at that high standard. They

were down narrow yards, dark and dismal and none too clean. I do not think they would pass a Ministry of Agriculture test in these enlightened days. What happened with the cows in the summer I do not know, but I dare say they were driven out to pasture in the remote uplands of Cricklewood and Golders Green, five long miles away. Herds of cattle and flocks of sheep were quite a common sight in London streets in the nineties.

I see no reason why we should not have our cow-sheds once again in London. In the centre of Mayfair, particularly at the back of Park Lane, where fashionable flats and maisonettes now occupy what once were stables, there were little dairies which supplied milk to the households of great houses. They must have been well kept, and if it was so then, why not today?

Londoners who have learned about the life of the country from their experiences as evacuees during the war might well wish, when they return, to keep cows, to grow vegetables for neighbouring shops, to grow flowers and sell them to florists, instead of trundling off every morning to work in a warehouse or a shop or a factory. The Nazis have provided London with many open spaces: why not keep them so and bring a little of the country back to town?

County Older Than Christianity

ESSEX WELCOMES ITS NEW STORY BOOK

ESSEX is the new volume of the King's England series, and this is how it begins:

"A flat, uninteresting county, it has been said, but what know they of Essex who say it? The county that faces the North Sea has stood four-square against our foes from Caesar's day till now, and if it is dull, what is it, we wonder, that has made its population grow from thousands to millions in these two generations?"

"It goes back with Keats to the very beginning of our story. Here were the first known heroes of our race, for the tale of Essex is older than Christianity."

The book has already become a best-seller in Essex, and we take these views of it from the great chorus of welcome it has received.

THE most authoritative yet interesting and stimulating work on Essex that I have ever read.

Ilford Guardian

A VERY delightful summary of every town and village. There is not a dull page. Mr Mee has done Essex a great service. This book does the county proud. Put together cleverly, concisely, and with literary charm.

Essex County Standard

BRIGHT, interesting, and full of concise information. Under the fluent pen of Arthur Mee, Essex is no longer a flat, uninteresting county, but a romantic repository of national history.

Essex and Thurrock Gazette

THIS volume will rank with the best on Essex.

Southend Standard

HISTORY which will surprise and interest Essex residents.

Essex Weekly News

SOMETHING different from anything previously put before the lover of books. There has never been such a book of journeys before. It surprises and entertains wherever one dips into it, makes possible mental visits to all parts of the county. In fact, if one starts to journey with this book it is extremely difficult to break away.

Essex County Telegraph

THE PLUMBER AND HIS MATE

There is a scarcity of plumbers, and, as a thousand experiences remind us, each plumber needs a mate. Women are volunteering for the work or at least for the mate's part of it; presently they will be badly needed. The plumber jokes may become a tragedy if we have a hard winter.

No doubt this change will lead to a fresh crop of plumbing jokes. We are reminded of the story of the plumber who called and gloomily informed the mistress of the house, by way of preface, that he was well acquainted with all jokes about plumbers and begged her to spare him the pain of hearing stories which he knew by heart. "That's all right, my good man," replied the woman, "but you have called at the wrong house; we do not need a plumber!"

URANUS NOW IN THE EVENING SKY

Mysteries of a Remote Planet

THE planet Uranus, writes the C.N. Astronomer, is now very well placed for observation and may be easily found midway between the Pleiades and Hyades. These star-clusters were shown on the star-map in the C.N. for September 19, and may be readily identified in the south-east sky after 8 o'clock.

The star-map shows part of this area on a larger scale and includes faint stars appearing in the vicinity of Uranus. As all these, together with Uranus, are just visible to the naked eye on a clear dark night, the finding of Uranus becomes an easy matter. And to think that this remote planet remained undiscovered through the ages, until the master mind of William Herschel spotted it on March 13, 1781, and paused to reflect upon the fact that what appeared to be only a little star moved, whereas the others appearing near by apparently did not move!

But Herschel had a telescope 7 feet long of his own make, which showed in a short time the motion of Uranus to his expert vision. Now, during the coming months, we may all observe this motion for ourselves and see Uranus slowly move to the right, away from Omega and the three stars above it that form a distinctive triangle. Any kind of glasses or binoculars will help to show the details more distinctly, but field-glasses with a wide field-of-view extending, more or less, to the broken ring shown on the star-map are always the best. Some stars fainter than Uranus will then be perceptible, but the map does not include these. The arrow indicates the extent and direction of his progress for the next three months; it may therefore be noted from week to week.

Coming Nearer

During this time Uranus will have travelled 33 million miles and will have made his nearest approach to us for this year; this will be on November 25. At present Uranus is 1755 million miles away and much more than twice the distance of Saturn, the brilliant luminary appearing a little way to the left.

Uranus comes nearer to us every year and will continue to do so until the year 1967, when he will approach to within about 1698 million miles. He will then be at perihelion or, his nearest point to the Sun and in the best position for astronomers to learn more about his many mysteries; for Uranus will be 168 million miles nearer to us than when he was at aphelion, or his farthest point from the Sun, as in 1925.

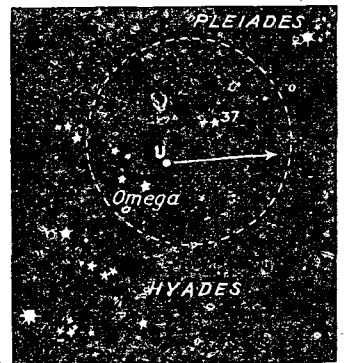
Going to the Dogs

The waste of time and money and character at dog racing tracks is brought out by evidence compiled by the Manchester Guardian. Here are the figures for twelve racing tracks in different parts of the country, showing what is spent at the betting machines:

In 1938	£5,889,988
In 1941	£8,560,226
Increase	£2,670,238

This relates to only twelve tracks! In Glasgow alone last year £1,746,759 was paid in. It is difficult to realise the far-reaching character of this new means of gambling.

His immense sphere as measured from the surface of his cloud envelope is about 64 times the size of the Earth. Beneath this must be a weird and strange world, but how far below this vast blanket of greenish clouds we do not know, and what is there presents problems at present beyond solution; though there is much speculation about a world of ice with a hard core of iron



The progress of Uranus in the next three months

and other metals—the whole surrounded with a dense atmosphere thousands of miles thick.

This melancholy prospect is based upon such evidence as the immense distance of Uranus from the Sun so that Uranus receives, surface for surface, about 360 times less light and heat from the Sun than the Earth does; and also because of the low radiation from the surface of Uranus, that is from his upper cloud surfaces. This, together with the extreme lightness of the planet, considered as a whole, and amounting to only 27 heavier than water, appears to present just the conditions for a world of ice.

But there are certain important factors and features with which we are well acquainted from our experience on our Earth and which may exist also on Uranus. These are both possible and probable, though there is no evidence; but, if so, Uranus may be a world of great warmth existing far beneath its deep and dense warmth-preserving blanket of cloud-laden atmosphere. Then, what marvellous forms of existence may there yet be in those depths where our imaginations may take their fill! G. F. M.

A LITTLE BOAT FROM FRANCE

Jean Petit is a French lad of 14, who not long ago was watching German soldiers swaggering in the streets of his home town. He hated the sight and persuaded an amateur yachtsman to cross the Channel to England. The yachtsman brought with him his accordion, and on reaching safety found that it was soaked with water and gave no sound.

Lord Ivor Churchill, a son of the Duke of Marlborough, hearing of this, had the instrument repaired and it is now being played to cheer up Fighting French troops.

BEDTIME CORNER

THE RACE

A MAN who had bought a fine horse was boasting that it was the fastest animal in the country.

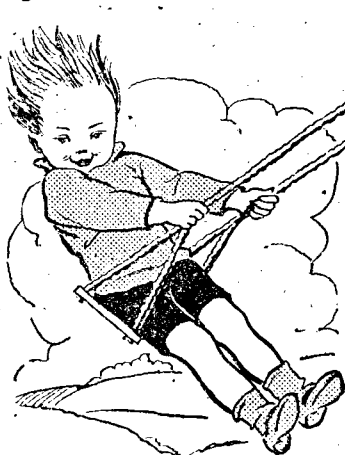
"It may look all right," said a friend, "but I think it is slow. Why, I would run a race with you any day, and go as far in ten minutes on foot as you would go on your horse, both of us travelling the same way."

The owner of the horse was indignant. He protested that it was absurd for any man to think he could run as fast as a good horse, but a race was arranged. The other man, who was a jovial fellow, then went into the road and stood by the side of the rider. At a given signal he started running backwards, and as the

horse could not be induced to go backwards, except at a very slow pace, the pedestrian won the race easily, to the amusement of all who had heard the other's foolish boasting.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

FATHER, we thank Thee for the night
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.
Help us to do the thing we should,
To be to others kind and good,
In all we do, in all we say,
To grow more loving every day.



Be Cheerful
as the
Sunshine
and the
Laughing Sky

The Lord Mayor's Day

One of our correspondents has been talking of old times with the Lord Mayor of a northern city some years ago, and the Lord Mayor recalled his happiest day.

It was the day on which, during his mayoralty, he returned to the town where his boyhood days had been spent. He travelled in the Lord Mayor's car, and the Lady Mayoress went with him.

Arriving at the town of his boyhood, he called first at the town hall to pay his compliments to the mayor and to tell him the purpose of his visit. The mayor smiled, said "Splendid," and hoped his visitor would have a happy day.

He did. From the town hall he told his chauffeur to drive to a little back street, and on the way the Lord Mayor adjusted his chain of office. When his car stopped outside the door of Number Nine he got out and knocked at the door. A small boy answered, but was so taken aback that he just called out "Mother, a man wants to see you." Presently a very homely woman came to the door, and on seeing such a distinguished visitor, smoothed down her apron and hoped he would excuse her untidy appearance. The Lord Mayor smiled, and said he would be sorry if he caused any inconvenience, but he was born in that house and thought he would like to visit it again. The woman invited him in. They went first to the kitchen, and there, pointing to a deep cut in one of the doorposts, the Lord Mayor said "I did that with my first pocket knife." Then he asked if he might see a certain bedroom. "Certainly," said the woman, "it's the lad's bedroom." But it had also been the Lord Mayor's when he was a boy.

The next place of call was a cottage round the corner. Here a very old lady answered the door. She wasn't expecting any

callers—few people remembered her in these days. But her delight knew no bounds when her visitor took her face between his hands and kissed her. "George," she gasped, and then she cried. This old lady had mothered the Lord Mayor when his own mother died, but that was long ago. They talked together and laughed together, and though it wasn't tea-time they had a cup of tea.

Then the party drove to a school, which had once been known as the Ragged School. They were received by the headmaster, and after a little explanation the Lord Mayor and his lady were conducted round the building. They entered one classroom after another, and in one of them the Lord Mayor walked to a certain desk, and squeezed himself into it. "This is where I couldn't do my sums," he said. Before leaving he asked if he might be allowed to see the playground, and here he seemed particularly interested. They walked over to the farthest corner, where, pointing to one spot, he said, "This is where Billie Brown gave me a good hiding." The Lady Mayoress smiled and guessed he deserved it, but the headmaster looked very uncomfortable. "My name is Brown," he said, "and my father's name was William, and he came to this school, too; I expect it would be about your time, sir."

"Well, well, isn't that a coincidence?" the Lord Mayor laughed. Mr. William Brown thought so too when he heard about it later.

On their journey home the Lord Mayor sat back quietly in his car, but the Lady Mayoress knew that he had enjoyed every minute of that day.

THE TANK IN THE ROOF

FIRE SERVICE officers have been visiting houses for the purpose of seeing that all lofts are clear of materials which might catch fire should an incendiary pierce the roof.

We have heard of cases in which the water tanks in the rafters have been stripped of the wrappings in which they were enclosed as a safeguard against frost, but this appears absurd. The peril of a freeze-up when winter returns becomes additionally disquieting after the ex-

periences of last winter, with its evil harvest of burst pipes.

A builder suggests that the window with which practically every loft is furnished should be kept closed. There is ample ventilation, he points out, for even the gentlest breeze makes its way under the tiles. These windows, admitting the bitter wintry winds, are largely responsible for the lowering of attic temperatures to freezing-point, often with disastrous consequences.

Getting Ready For Reconstruction

Few people realise that we have a Ministry of Reconstruction and that the Ministry is actually at work. It is installed in Whitehall, and is in touch with the United States Government. Already, it is stated, certain points have been arrived at and submitted to the Government. Among them are:

Rationing of food and control of food prices to continue at least a year after the war.

Clothes rationing and price control of utility clothes to be continued for some time.

Distribution of household necessities, such as sheets, blankets, pots and pans, crockery, and brushes to be supervised and prices fixed.

Employees to be safeguarded from wholesale dismissal. Supervision of the switching over of war work to peace work.

Domestic service to be governed by standard rates of pay, regulated hours and conditions of work.

These items may be described as an excellent beginning.

BLACK HARVEST

One village on the Moray Firth coast can afford to laugh at the coal warnings. Many tons of coal have been washed ashore during the past weeks, and perambulators, sacks, and barrows have been used to carry it away to the homes of the village folk.

In a Russian Village

In Russian villages there are no cats or dogs, but crowds of children, according to Sir John Russell of Rothamstead, who has been visiting them to inquire about Soviet agriculture.

Russia, he adds, is a country, outside the towns, of young people. Their villages are like garden allotments, with no flowers, although the Russians are fond of them, but abundance of potatoes, cabbages, tomatoes, little cucumbers, and big melons. The favourite drink is something like fortified ginger beer, and all day long a big loudspeaker is kept going, for noise never disturbs a Russian. There are few vehicles, and in one village Sir John was kept waiting for ten minutes while they hunted for a bicycle, in order to show him that they had one. Sir John quotes as an example of their philosophy what an old villager said to him. "Things have been hard for me: they will be better for my children."

THE ODD HALF HOUR

Workers in a north-west factory have built a tank in their own time, using odd half-hours and so on. This is the second they have built like this.

Employees of the Canadian Pacific Railway working in their own time have completed the manufacture of their 100th naval gun.

Cotton workers in a factory near Oldham have built and equipped a mobile breakdown car for repairing Army wagons that have been damaged—this also in their own time.

Children's Hour

Here is the programme for the BBC Children's Hour from Wednesday, September 30, to Tuesday, October 6 inclusive.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Said the Cat to the Dog, (Number 14, The Pen-knife), by Martin Armstrong. 5.45 Children's Fuel Flash. 5.55 Children's Hour Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Singing Sword, a Tale of Adventure in Wales, written as a play by Gethyn Stoddley Thomas.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Tammy Toot's Holiday, by Lavinia Derwent, read by W. H. D. Joss; followed by Fiddlers Three, the story of Neil Gow and his family of famous fiddlers in the 18th century, by Elizabeth Kyle.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Would You Believe It? A collection of strange stories, interesting facts, and out-of-the-ordinary music, designed for your entertainment by Dorothy Worsley.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Part 1 of The Water Babies, by Charles Kingsley, adapted by Barbara Sleigh and produced by Derek McCulloch. 5.50 Children's Hour Prayers.

MONDAY, 5.20 Beside the Seaside, No. 2, An Ultra-Modern Concert Party, with a section of the Scottish Variety Orchestra. 5.45 A Safety First Discussion between Lieutenant - Colonel O'Gorman, Mac, and Jane, a little London girl.

TUESDAY, 5.20 Out with Romany.

SIXTY YEARS

Sixty years married, 60 years a draper, 60 years a Sunday-school teacher, 60 years' association with the Presbyterian Church, 60 years a member of the Sunday School Union, 60 years in the same house, 60 years a resident of North Shields. This is the career of Mr. R. Henderson, of North Shields, who has just celebrated his diamond wedding.

THE GREAT CHANCES OF LIFE

SIMULTANEOUSLY we have seen the publication of two remarkable instances of fame won by workers who never had much chance in life. One is Private Adam Herbert Wakenshaw, who in North Africa in June was killed at the breach of his gun and has been awarded the V.C. The second is Miss Ann Loughlin, who was elected new chairman of the Trade Union Congress.

Adam Wakenshaw was a poor boy born at Newcastle, one of a family of 13. His father died when he was three, and his mother worked in a factory to keep the family. Adam himself went down the coal-mine when he was 14. Serving an anti-tank gun under intense fire, his left arm was blown off, but he stuck to his work and resumed firing. This enabled an infantry company to withdraw. Again Wakenshaw was severely wounded and blown away from his gun, but he dragged himself back and was preparing to fire again when a direct hit killed him and destroyed the gun.

Turning to the lady who has won the proud position of Chairman of the T.U.C. we find that she began work at 16 for 3d an hour, but found time to attend trade union meetings as well as to care for a big orphaned family.

While still in her teens Miss Loughlin led a strike against bad conditions, and at 21 became an organiser for the Union of Clothing Operatives. She has been a member of the General Council for 12 years, and has won the wholehearted respect of all her colleagues.

She is the second woman to be elected Chairman.

A Frenchman Speaks to Vichy

ONE of the best Europeans in our generation is M. Herriot, former President of the French Chamber of Deputies, and it is good to know that so good a friend of Europe and this country is still active in Lyons.

M. Herriot has now joined with the President of the Senate in protesting to Laval against the abolition of the last fragments of the French Parliament, but he has also appeared in the news for a courageous step in protesting against the Hitlerising of France.

He has returned to Vichy the Cross of the Legion of Honour

given him by M. Clemenceau in 1917, saying it would be a betrayal of Clemenceau's memory to keep it now that the cross has been awarded to Frenchmen fighting for the Germans.

Whatever may be the truth about the German people and the Nazis, there can be no doubt about the feeling of the French people and Vichy, which is held in contempt by the vast majority of this helpless, unarmed nation.

Einstein to the Future

Among other things buried on the site of the New York World's Fair, as a witness of our age to posterity, is a letter from Dr Einstein, in which he sums up the modern age for the benefit of the people of 5000 years hence who will open the buried box. This is what Einstein has to say to the men of that future:

Our time is rich in inventive minds, the inventions of which could facilitate our lives considerably. We are crossing the seas by power and utilise power also to relieve humanity from all tiring muscular work. We have learned to fly and are able to send messages and news over the entire world through electric waves.

However, the production and distribution of commodities is entirely unorganised, so that everybody must live in fear of being eliminated from the economic cycle. Furthermore, people living in different countries kill each other at irregular time intervals, so that anyone who thinks about the future must live in fear. This is due to the fact that the intelligence and character of the masses are incomparably lower than the intelligence and character of the few who produce something valuable for the community.

I trust that posterity will read these statements with a feeling of proud and justified superiority.

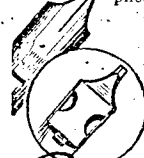
SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). Including Purchase Tax. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/11, 2/3 and 3/11½. (Including Purchase Tax.) Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inkeduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466) gives fountain pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib. "Inkeduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.



THE INKEDUCT HOLDS THE INK.

Until normal times arrive, supplies may be limited. So, treasure your INKEDUCT pens—they are valuable.

Gillott's Pens
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD., 10, FIDELITY WKS., BIRMINGHAM

BRAN TUB

HOW HIGH HE WAS

AN RAF flying instructor took up a pupil, and told him not to go above 1000 feet.

However, the plane passed the 2000 feet and then the 3000 feet level.

The instructor then asked his pupil, "How high are you?"

The answer was, "Five feet eight and a half, sir."

Legacy

A MAN left £600 to be divided between his three sons, Jack, Tom, and Harry. Jack was to receive £50 more than Tom, and Harry was to receive half as much as Tom.

How much did each receive?

Answer next week

PROVERBS ABOUT WORK

DON'T let the plough stand to kill a mouse.

He that will not work must want. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

No bees, no honey; no work, no money.

Help

JACK'S homework was unusually well done.

"Who helped you with your arithmetic, Jack?" asked his teacher.

"Father did, miss," was the reply.

"Did he do all of it?" was the next query.

"No, miss," said Jack. "I helped him a little."

Do You Live at Northampton?

THE hampton in this word, as in Southampton, means home town or homestead, and both names are local descriptions dating back about a thousand years.

Simple Arithmetic

CYRIL'S aunt had given him three apples for himself and his sister Dora.

Meeting Cyril later, his aunt asked him if he gave two of the apples to Dora.

"Oh, no, Auntie!" he replied. "They would not come out even, so I ate one first and divided the rest."

ENTHUSIAST

THERE was an old man of Penzance

Who lived to do nothing but dance,

Till his socks wore in holes, And his feet burned like coals,

And then he'd go off in a trance.

Unnatural History

SCHOOLMASTER: Do you know how many kinds of flowers there are?

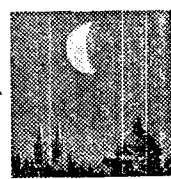
Boy: Yes, sir; three.

Schoolmaster: Three! Then perhaps you can tell me what they are?

Boy: Wild, tame, and collie.

Other Worlds

IN the evening no planets are visible. In the morning



Venus is low in the east, and Jupiter and Saturn are in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8.30 on

Sunday morning next, October 4.

WHAT ARE THESE WORDS?

In each case the word is composed of two other words. Can you find them?

To make known, containing a girl's name and a weight.

Information, containing to perceive and a projection.

To enlarge, containing a preposition and a mark left by folding.

To attack, containing an animal and to be ill.

Artifice, containing layers of earth and a jewel or precious stone.

Sarcasm, containing a verb and anger.

Vivacious, containing an indication of danger and an insect.

A quarter of a year, containing a large body of water and a male descendant.

Unskilful, containing science and a comparative of little.

To control, containing a human being and a period.

Wearisome, containing to exhaust and more or less.

Answers next week

Jacko Takes a Rest



It was Baby's birthday, and Jacko had been sent to the town to buy some special cakes for tea. He was gone so long that his mother went out to look for him. She found him at last, with Chimp beside him, sitting on a bank by the roadside, tucking into the cakes, which looked so inviting that the boys hadn't been able to resist them.

LAND AND LIFE

Boy. I see that a State Committee, set up to report on the use of British land, recommends that the Government should protect that use by assuming complete control of all land outside the towns. Has there been very great abuse of land in the past?

Man. The abuse has been so great that many of our railways run in the wrong places, mills and factories are situated where they should not be, towns are congested and stummy, much beauty has been destroyed, and the health of our people has deteriorated. It is impossible to exaggerate the evil that has been wrought.

Boy. Does the Committee recommend the nationalisation of land?

Man. No; what they do recommend is that the development rights (the right to build upon land, or otherwise to use it except for agriculture) is to be vested in the State with fair compensation to the owners. That is to say, in future there could be no new development outside the towns

save with the permission of a Ministry for National Development, who would thus have power to encourage building where thought necessary, and to prevent it on unsuitable sites. Moreover, the State would not allow builders to buy land, but only to rent it on lease from the State for 99 years.

Boy. But what of existing towns? Is there not a great deal of built-on land which needs to be redeveloped?

Man. These points are met by giving municipal authorities powers of compulsory purchase.

Boy. The reforms are very drastic. Do you think they will be given the force of law?

Man. The Report has had a very favourable reception, and its principles are likely to command acceptance. If there is difference of opinion it is likely to be confined to such details as what should be fair compensation to landowners. Britain has to be rebuilt, and land sooner or later must come under the complete control of the State. Do you

realise that in one respect land differs from every other thing that can be owned by man?

Boy. I'm afraid I do not.

Man. Let me point out to you that that thing is area. Who possesses area possesses control of the movements of men, of the work of men, of the very life of men. No intelligent community should therefore permit private individuals to possess such control save in a limited degree which is useful to society, save in that degree which we conceive as the establishment of homes whose existence does not injure society, but is rather an expression of the individual lives of members of a community, each of whom needs a home or a proper working place.

There must be town extension, because many of our towns are overcrowded, and it is therefore of very great importance that extensions should be made in such fashion as to preserve agriculture, afforestation, national parks, beauty spots, coastal areas, and so forth, while providing proper space for the location of industry.

Wordsworth's Ten Insects

Wordsworth mentions ten insects in his poems, among the 209 animals, birds, plants, flowers, and trees he names.

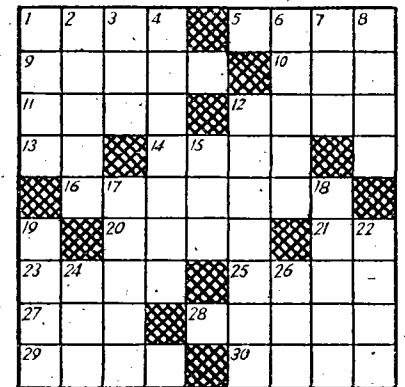
Bee, beetle, butterfly, caterpillar, cricket, fly, glow-worm, grasshopper, moth, nautilus.

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 A connecting part. 5 Land surrounded by water. 9 Visionary. 10 Leguminous plant. 11 Granitic paving-block. 12 Help. 13 Territorial Army. 14 Yellow part of egg. 16 Harness maker. 20 To be carried in a conveyance. 21 Automobile Association. 23 To walk laboriously. 25 Unrelenting. 27 Raised edge. 28 Obliterate. 29 The four seasons. 30 Uncovered.

Reading Down. 1 A leaning over to one side. 2 Notions. 3 Meshed fabric of cord. 4 This grasshopper suggests that Katharine accomplished something. 6 Pointed piece of metal. 7 Conducted. 8 Freedom from pain. 12 In music describes something gay or lively. 15 Queer. 17 Fragrance. 18 To set upright. 19 Active. 22 So be it. 24 Assume horizontal position. 28 Smart, slight blow.

Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week



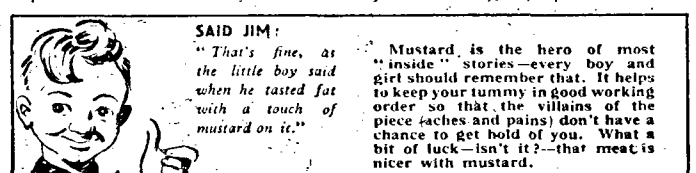
The Three Mustardeers saw a man being helped into a house from a taxi. "Look!" whispered Jim, "they've a gun at his ribs. Hullo! he's dropped a piece of paper!"



"Everyone's upstairs. Take out that bulb, Jim, so they can't switch on the light. I'll jam these sticks across the stairs. Now—all yell!"



The noise brought a man to the landing. He peered down into the darkness, then rushed downstairs—and tripped over the sticks. A second man came—and a third. They fell, too. And Mary helped each to sleep with a heavy cane!



SAID JIM: "That's fine, as the little boy said when he tasted fat with a touch of mustard on it."

Mustard is the hero of most "inside" stories—every boy and girl should remember that. It helps to keep your tummy in good working order so that the villains of the piece (aches and pains) don't have a chance to get hold of you. What a bit of luck—Isn't it?—that meat is nicer with mustard.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD